

# THE SHAKER MANIFESTO.

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### LOVE.

F. W. EVANS.

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love, one to another"—so said Jesus.

*Unity*, of ideas and opinions—oneness of sentiment is good. To see eye to eye in doctrine is desirable—beautiful; but to love and be loved is better than all else.

*Gates of Hell*.—If religious and doctrinal controversy be the Gates of Hell, it must be because the Christ-Spirit has not, therein, a controlling power. Hatred is engendered where love should have been created.

*Belief* is held to be a matter of will, not a result of evidence; consequently it is meritorious, while unbelief is a damnable sin to be censured.

*Inquisitions* grew out of this error. It is a poison Upas tree. Human sufferings, in the most horrible forms, have come logically from those premises. And those who perpetrated indescribable tortures, upon defenseless innocents, did it conscientiously, thinking they were doing God good service.

*Independent impartiality* is one of the characteristics of Scripture writers. The evils of Pharaoh and his people are not more vividly described and fearlessly con-

demned than are the errors of Moses and Miriam and the rebellious stiffneckedness of the Israelites. The sins of the saint, prophets and martyrs are as faithfully and impartially recorded as are their most prominent virtues. If these things happened in the dry tree of external Mosaic law, what should we not look for under the operation of the New Covenant where the Law is written in the heart and interpreted by the conscience of each individual, the Christ-Spirit being their inner life and motive power?

*Pains and Penalties*.—To inflict these where argument fails to convince was the antichristian method of Church and State organization, the inspiration, or investigation, coming from the Babylon Priesthood. How good it was of God, by means of what the savage, bloody minded priests, like Torquemada, called infidels, to give us a Civil Government, where neither infidels, heretics nor saints can be tortured into uniformity that is not a reality. In as much as the antichristian spirit that indorsed the premises above set forth, upon which all inquisitional proceedings, dictating faith by authority and enforcing uniformity by the War Power, are in the heart of each individual, and will never be eliminated therefrom only by the Christ-Spirit producing

soul travail, how plain it is that agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom.

Father Joseph is reported as saying:

"Brethren, you have a thousand devils in you yet that have never been waked up." If sleep does not kill them, better wake them up. Agitation is better than stagnation.

The Catholic Church, in the day of her power, could maintain the unity of the church by filling her underground inquisition dungeons, as Russia preserves political quiet by working her Siberian mines with her original thinkers and would-be-reformers like American revolutionists.

It remains for the Shaker Church to not let the Gates of Hell prevail against her, but to produce unity of thought by freedom of thought—uniformity of doctrine, by spiritual unity—by such love of truth that gives her a fair field and a free fight with error, in which, who ever knew her put to the worst?

Let brotherly love continue, notwithstanding differences of doctrinal ideas arising from constitutional or educational conditions of body or mind. Impartial self examination and independent criticism of each other is a blessed privilege indispensable to an utterance of the desires, or prayers, "O do, good Lord, the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as others see us."

My confidence in God remains unshaken, that peace is a result of righteousness—that the millennium is a possibility, when the within shall be as good as the without—the bottom of a basket of fruit, equal to the top, and brothers and sisters can exchange ideas and reason together, not like wild beasts who rend and devour, but as Christians in whom brotherly and sisterly love still continues in full operation.

Mount Lebanon, Columbia county, N. Y.

### A BRAVE AND HONEST MAN.

Formed on the good old plan,  
A true, and brave, and downright honest man!

He blew no trumpet in the market-place,  
Nor in the church, with hypocritic face,  
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace;

Loathing pretense, he did with cheerful will  
What others talked of, while their hands  
were still.

—Whittier.

### THOUGHTS CONCERNING DEITY.

ANTOINETTE DOOLITTLE.

Bible history informs us, that Tophar—whoever he might have been—in his reproof to Job—whoever he may have been—in a satirical manner, said: "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?" The human mind is active, and it will think and seek out knowledge in some direction; and it is better to look up and reason Godward, than to live, eat, and drink and die as do the brute creation. The searching investigation still goes on, and the inquiry is made, Who is God? who and what the Christ? The doctrine of the trinity has passed, or is fast passing away; but yet, among the multitude of church goers, there remain many who cling to the old Trinitarian idea of three Gods conjoined in one; and if asked to explain what we are to understand by that doctrine, whether it is elementary, or a combination of persons who by some process are consolidated, and made one, the answer would probably be, that it is presumption on our part, in our limited capacity, to undertake to analyze or solve a problem so sacred, and so far beyond our reach; the wisest thing for us to do is to believe and let it alone. If we continue to ask: What must we believe? the response would be, believe in the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, three in one. Who is the Father, who the Son and who the Holy Ghost? Answer, first, second and third persons in the God-head, but one and indivisible, working in harmony together. Not feeling quite satisfied, again we query: Who is the Son? The answer comes, Jesus the Christ was the only begotten Son of God, who dwelt in the bosom of the Father before the foundations of the earth were laid, was his co-partner and co-worker, but subordinate of course to the Father. Well, what of the Holy Ghost? Hesitatingly they answer, that is somewhat a mystery; but we accept it as true, not because of evidence produced, but the Bible speaks very plainly on that point, and it is the word of God, and we do not take issue with the Bible.

If Jesus was *the Christ*, or Son of God, why does the same Bible tell us that he was born a Jew, and was subject to temptation like his brethren in mortal form, and that God cannot be tempted? The answer is, O! he was God in part and man in part; and proceed to explain the matter somewhat in the following manner. The race of man had been so corrupt and wickedly depraved, that God despaired of their ever becoming any better, and He grew angry and impatient with them and concluded to annihilate, or destroy them all. The Son, being second in the God-head, did not perhaps feel the full weight of the heinous crimes and transgressions of the peopled world, as did the Father; and the Son saw much in the race that was good, and worth saving. He had always been His Father's counselor, and he was so filled with pity and compassion for humanity, that he reasoned with His Father, and devised a plan of compromise, and offered to become sponsor for the great human family if the Father would sanction the effort. By taking upon himself the form of humanity, and the temptation and weakness — if not entering into their sinful lives practically — He was by His Father's consent clothed with flesh and blood for a time, and lived and walked with men, until the wicked Jews killed him — which we suppose was a part of the plan — then He ceased to be both human and divine, and returned in a glorified form to the Father. A *mystery* sure enough!

Leaving the Trinity and the Holy Ghost as extremely mystical and false, and affirming that Jesus, according to our perceptions, was not the Christ, only a man baptized with the Christ spirit, we are yet anxious to get at some pivotal point, or central idea concerning God, to whom our thoughts can ascend and revolve around, and unto whom we may direct our praise and prayer. The subject does not, will not rest. People will think and investigate, and for the time being may come to different conclusions, yet truth is bound to triumph in the end.

By reasoning from different standpoints, we get Atheists, Deists, Pantheists and Theists. All have their reasons to give for their conclusions; and it is not our purpose

to question their *sincerity*, if we deny their premises. If we reason intelligently Godward, we must have some data to base our reasons upon. Are we to look to God as an organized Being, or only as elementary? Perhaps none would deny that God is in the elements, but is He manifested in His highest form and capacity through Nature and her laws? We have not yet seen any better exposition of who and what God is than the one given by Paul, the apostle of Jesus, who said: "The invisible things of Him (God) are clearly seen, being understood by the things that He has made, even His eternal power and God-head," so that we are left without excuse, if we do not reason logically. Is not man and woman in an organized form, who possess intelligence how to use the products of earth, and direct the elements, a higher form of creation than the elements themselves? The Atheists may deny the existence of any supreme ruler of the Universe, because they have no tangible evidence of such a being; have not seen him. The Pantheist sees God diffused in all created things; in the great planetary system, hears Him in the winds, and in the roaring cataract; and traces His handiwork from the loftiest tree to the tiniest leaflet and flower. How can we reconcile the mind to a world of such order, beauty and harmony, without an intelligent director? All of the elements possess force and power, but not intelligence. Whence came man with the capacity to think, or the organ of sight and hearing? If at some period of time he was materialized from the elements, who conceived the idea of such a formation, and who breathed into him life and gave him the power of speech? Who formed the pattern? It could not have been incidental or accidental; there is too much method in it.

Some persons say God is omnipresent. If this be so, He cannot possess an organized form like man and woman; *their* sphere is limited. We answer, God's spirit may be diffused throughout, animating all created things, and His care may extend to all, but His closest communings are with the crowning work of His hands — man and woman, who are the highest representatives of the

Creator of which we have knowledge. Again the query arises, if God is an organized being, where does He dwell? What are His proportions? Who can measure His height, or fathom His depth? Is He like man to be measured, that can have a garment fitted to His size? Can we not by the same process of reasoning ask who Jesus was, where he dwells and what his size and measurement may be? We have never seen *Him*; yet we think of Him as an organized being, possessing intelligence, and all the senses of hearing, seeing and feeling, only in a more enlarged, refined, and superlative degree. And certainly, if Jesus was the Christ, the Son of God, as many claim, then He must have been created in the image of the Father, and would bear a marked resemblance to Him. Those who claim that God is not an organized being should be able to point out the source of intelligence; who and what gave creation birth, and how man and woman became possessed of reason; and who formed the organs of sight and sound. If produced from the elements, who conceived the idea? From nothing comes nothing.

What is the worth of prayer or praise if not directed to some source of intelligence? If there are no ears to hear, no eyes to see, and no hearts to feel, how shall we direct our thoughts and upon what shall we concentrate them? Shall we pray to Jesus, to the saints, to the sun, moon or stars, or to the trees, or to the land and sea? If we cannot "find out the Almighty to perfection," can we not find some germ of truth as a basis from which to reason God-ward? "How can we reason but from what we know?" How can we come to any other conclusion than that God is an intelligent being, male and female, with ears to hear and an arm that can save?

Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

A good Quaker, eighty-five years of age, whom no one had ever heard speak a cross word, was asked by a young man how he had been able through the trials and perplexities of a long life to keep always so pleasant. He replied, "If thee never allows thy voice to rise, thee won't ever be likely to get very angry."

## THE WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

I've seen some people in this life  
Who always are repining,  
Who never, never yet could see  
The storm-cloud's silver lining,  
There always something is amiss,  
From sunrise to its setting;  
That God's hand made their map of life,  
They seem the while forgetting.

And I have seen a blessed sight  
To sin-beclouded vision,  
Some people who, where'er they be,  
Make earth seem an Elysian.  
They always see the brightest side—  
The direful shadows never—  
And keep the flower of hope in bloom  
Within their hearts forever.

The one can make the sunniest day  
Seem wondrous sad and dreary;  
The other smiles the clouds away,  
And makes a dark day cheery.  
This life of ours is, after all,  
About as we shall make it.  
If we can vanquish grief and care,  
Let's haste to undertake it.

—Helen A. Manville.

## BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE.

H. L. EADS.

Delightful theme to think, talk and write about! Right glad am I to see the *critique* of my article headed *Heavenly Brideship*, which appeared in the October number of our S. M. the incongruous yet written so prettily. Its spirit is a model that I would gladly imitate were I able to do so. It gives me the opportunity of more fully expressing my mind on the subject—as well as to point out to the author what I deem to be his mistakes. He seems to be new in the theological arena, hence could not be expected to be clear, logical and concise in his positions and he will doubtless be pleased to have them pointed out.

Mistake No. 1 is found in the third paragraph, wherein he seems, unintentionally, to advocate the broad and condemn the narrow way. Forgetting that "wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction and many there be that go in thereat—because strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life and few there be that find it," Matt. 7, 14, 15.

It reads thus : " The cause of the failures of religious bodies seems to be that they restrict their ideas, beliefs and rewards to very narrow circles. A few are chosen (although many are called), a few are saved [as Christ truly said]. One man controls ; one set of men possesses authority to interpret all truth especially, any new truth or idea. Exactly so. Christ says : " I am the *way*, the *truth*, and the *life* ; no man cometh unto the Father but by me ;" (and whosoever I send), John 16 : 6. In this line only can any man be saved, and any other mode of salvation is as unnecessary as it is impossible. Child-like obedience to *this* will save any soul, and who wants any thing more than to be saved ? Again : " I am the door and he that entereth not by the door but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber," John 10 : 1.

Mistake No. 2 reads : " Every era seems to demand a change, new men, new thoughts etc." How change ? Change our foundation ? Change from one to many ? Change the certain for the uncertain ? Change from the door to some other way ? Christ says : " I am the *truth*." In him both in his first and second appearing " are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," appertaining to the redemption of our race, and " This I say lest any man beguile you with enticing words," Col. 2 : 3-4. If new men are needed it is those who will more vigorously prosecute the work and more closely adhere to the life and teachings of our exemplars, for ' no other foundation can any man lay,' and all who attempt it will only lay stumbling stones in their way and that of others. It was this very idea of changing, expanding and striving for the world's greatness and applause that caused the downfall of the Apostolic church, which can easily be shown by history. This should warn us to beware of changes and new departures.

Mistake No. 3. There can be no greater blunder than to suppose the " gospel of Christ takes hold of and includes in its burdens generation, nutrition and property." Its hands are defiled with none of these. It not only ignores them but calls us up and away from all the generative brood and every thing pertaining to the old Adamic life.

Its domain is spiritual. Neither Christ nor Ann ever taught any thing about generating. Their whole work was regenerating. They call us away from the former, no more to touch the unclean thing in thought or word or deed. It hence is not our call or business to try to make generating respectable. In this regard " ignorance is bliss." The less we know, think, feel, say or do about it the better, only as duty may call teachers to condemn it. Believers and true followers of Christ cannot touch the pitch even in thought without being defiled. The best way to proceed in this matter is : when we find our thoughts running in that direction check them and turn them to something else ; almost any other line of thought is less dangerous or injurious to spiritual life. In this, and this way only, can we have a successful growth in angelhood. The same of nutrition and property, when they interfere with spiritual growth. Our exemplars have advised us to eat whatsoever is set before us in thankfulness and no grumbling. The spirit is always weak where there is much complaint about diet ; property is also a cumbrous weight on the spirit, and not unfrequently clogs the wheels of spiritual progress.

Mistake No. 4. It does not follow that because " Israel walked by law and statute in things appertaining to *this* life, the outcome being Christ, that we must do the same to produce a superior being to Christ. Israel was our type, *they* walked by statute for the *natural* life, *we* walk by statute for the *spiritual* life. When this is attained another higher life is impossible, hence we have no need of higher exemplars than Christ and Ann. They are such now to the human race and ever will be time without end. It reads further : " If Jesus fulfilled the law how am I to escape fulfilling it, if I am his follower ? " Ans : Because *we* are not under the law ; Jesus under the law was not our exemplar. Were we to follow him as he did Moses and as Moses did Adam, we should then introduce generation at once, and come up as he and his parents did with our sacrificial doves for sin and then be baptized with water as he was ! This question surprises me to come from any child of



the new creation. He, Jesus, was our exemplar only after being baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire into a resurrected life. After this the Mosaic law was null and void, nothing but a dead letter. The article speaks truly in saying: "Obedience to the higher law abrogated the lower penal law; when the greater was fulfilled the lesser ceased to exist." Very true. Whence then the necessity of blending with that which is confessed to have no existence? This is no play upon words but stubborn facts.

Mistake No. 5. It is a great blunder to mix law and gospel types and antitypes, and then, say they must stand or fall together (!) The types ended with John's baptism; after which their fulfillment began. The types under Moses culminated in circumcision. Must this stand or fall along with Christ's circumcision of the heart? Or must any of the ceremonies of the dead law that ceased to exist with Christ continue with his true followers? All must say nay. Must the works of the law which were natural and the works of the gospel which are spiritual blend and stand or fall together? By no means. They are distinct and cannot occupy the same plane. The Bridegroom and Bride are our exemplars, our pole star, the foundation pillars of the spiritual temple. We are perfectly safe in following them and "walking as they walked" but very unsafe in any divergence from the line marked out by them. They attained the highest maximum of all possibilities to any human, born or unborn. Who can say more or wish to say more, than "The prince of this world cometh and findeth nothing in me?" With this the longings of my soul would be perfectly satisfied.

Mistake No. 6. The work of preparation that culminated in Christ never did become universal as stated, and it is not so now, and tho that if the Bridegroom and Bride may fill the earth, it will remain the same. It will not change to something else, for the world has no need of any thing else. No mortal nor angel should desire any thing else, but with it be reconciled and satisfied. "I pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God" in his order, not out of his order

but *in* it. Seek nothing else, for it is the highest, the purest, most angelic, most holy and most God-like of all conceivable conditions. But further it reads truly: "The bodily sufferings of Christ and Ann were not more than others," but their soul agonies for their own and the redemption of the world exceeded any that ever walked the footstool. It reads further: "Ann Lee reached beyond her [natural] condition and claimed equality [as Bride] with Jesus. Why should her system reject His culture? Answer: It did not do it, but accepted it in all its fulness. The reason why past progress is ignored by their followers is because we have something better than it can offer. The "grandeur and beauty of the promise that God should wipe away all tears from their eyes — that there should be no more crying, sickness, death nor pain, and nothing to destroy in all God's holy mountain" had no reference to the external body — for children will forever stump their toes and bodies, cry for sugar-plums, and old and young people sicken and die — but it may be based on the spiritual fact that the "former life had passed away and all things become new and all things of God." Now this thing of diet was agitated in Christ's day and he settled it in few words, why should we not heed them? One thing is certain — man is a little cosmos which contains within himself a portion of all matter and all depends on the quantity not the quality. Every thing is poisonous in too great quantity, and nothing is poisonous with the proper quantity. What is considered the most virulent poison, sufficiently diluted, becomes harmless. The whole world of science will not gainsay this truth.

Mistake No. 7. There would be indeed, as the article says, a great inconsistency in advising Christ's followers to let generation alone and then say to them do as the Gentiles do. "The Gentiles don't let it alone." This would be equal to advising Christ's followers to let it alone and not let it alone." Not so, we mean to let it entirely alone and not do as the Gentiles do, mix up flesh and spirit and then call it holy. Our business is to crucify and put it to death — theirs to nourish and support it.

Mistake No. 8. The article says: "Because

the law was first does not necessitate the assumption that the gospel was subordinate." But as was assumed that the law was the Bridegroom and the gospel the Bride, this was making the gospel subordinate to the law, which was justly complained of. By the gospel removing the flesh it did not, as stated, "cause the law to become strong," but the reverse was the case. It thus showed the weakness of the law, because the law supports the flesh while the gospel condemns it. The two cannot be blended. So Christ's followers may leave off the old song of Moses, it is too much of a lullaby and will take up the song of the Lamb and the Bride which inspires "that love that casteth out fear and melts us all into one brotherhood and sisterhood in Christ."

*South Union, Ky.*

*Deceased at Shaker Village, Mer. Co., N. H.  
Sept. 28, 1881, Michal Blake aged 82 yrs.*

### TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

A. C. Stickney.

#### GONE!

Gone home at length, to that mighty Unseen  
Where so many cherished ones dwell.  
Gone; — from our vision, and yet just  
between

Our home and thine, hangs but a veil!

Gone do we say? while on memory's page  
Doth thy record of faithfulness live  
As a sacred memento for youth, and for age  
As a legacy worthy to give?

A long life of usefulness reaching four score  
Has come to an honorable end,  
For habits of prudence and temperance  
rare,

Prolonged the blest life of our friend.

And what though no marble be destined to  
mark

The place of the casket's repose,  
A statelier column we see, of good works,  
Built up from life's dawn, to its close.

Dear mother, be comforted, many rejoice  
To greet you in your spirit home,  
For we almost hear in one glad voice, —  
"You are welcome!" "Most welcome dear  
one!"

Pray take this, our tribute of filial regard  
To spirit friends where e'er you go:  
With our promise renewed to earn the re-  
ward,  
Of their blessing and love, here below.

### SOUL TRAVEL.

No. 3.

GILES B. AVERY.

As previously stated, succeeding the age of pantheism in Greece (which once was typical of the state of all Europe), commenced a belief in a *Spirit God*, and an age of inquiry set in, because the simple Indian or Hindoo idea of a "Great Spirit" God did not satisfy the growing soul of humanity.

In the earliest ages of this belief in a Spirit God the human understanding (as if prophetically pointing out the sacrifice of the corrupted animal, or carnal nature, in order to become affirmatively united to the Divine Intelligence) projected the idea of acceptable worship of their God by the sacrifices of animals for propitiation for their sins, and to secure His blessing, and even men were thus used. Still their ideal Spirit God was so far distant from man, that star worship was introduced, and as befitting the gloomy state of the night-shrouded soul, dense forests and sacred groves constituted the temples for worship, in those benighted ages: but in this, soul manifests instructive life and reason viz.: that to become spiritually enlightened and enlivened, the mind and senses must be withdrawn from the bustles and contentions of war, the strifes of worldly ambition and selfishness, and often from even the cares of civic life, for a season. And, as if prophetic of the millennial period, the priesthood of this age consisted of prophetesses as well as prophets, who joined in the ceremonials of administrative duty.

Now mankind began seriously to inquire, What is the human soul? The animal senses alone are prone, oftentimes, to deceive us, hence, the philosophic mind exclaims, Have we any criterion of truth? "The moment a suspicion that we have not, we realize what may be truly termed intellectual despair." But Pythagoras became almost deified by the Greeks, because he revealed to their understandings the fact, that though through the senses the visible and audible may deceive us, we may, nevertheless, find absolute truth in that which is alto-

gether separate from material nature, as for instance, in the relations of members, as — two and two are four; in the fact that the length of any two sides of a triangle, taken together, are greater than a third side, etc., etc; thus, though beset with many deceptions of the senses, we are surrounded by a world of truth. Thus reason, which has objects of her own, a world of her own, has guides to truth for man.

As Sophists, the Athenians arrived at the conclusion that there is no conscience, no good nor evil; no philosophy; no religion; no law; no criterion of truth. But man, thus conditioned, cannot live. If his speculations in *nature* give him no reliable data of truth, he will seek in other directions. "If he cannot prove, by physical arguments, the existence of God, he will-like Socrates, accept that great fact as self-evident, needing no demonstration thus instituting an age of *unquestioning faith*; faith in a *spirit, living God*!" In an ever existing soul, whose happiness alone consists in the practice of virtue.

But the changeful and oscillating nature of man, which is ever inclined to extremes in life, next proceeds to anticipate a fulness of Divine favor, by totally denying all the pleasures and comforts left to man by the field of reason and substituting the fatal sophism of the necessity of physical torture, almost to the extent of human endurance, as practiced by the stylites of Syria, who with a view of separating themselves more completely from earth, took up their abode on the tops of pillars, on which they remained, without ever descending to earth, and exposed to all the variations of a Syrian climate. Also by the Anchorites of the third century of the Christian Era, who fled to deserts and dens and caves of the earth, and imposed on themselves tortures of body as a substitute for the glory of martyrdom for the Christian cause.

Thus, as though the acme of virtue consisted in the entire abnegation and crucifixion of *all* the comforts and pleasures of the physical senses, in order to understand and comprehend intrinsic truth, and please God, an order of extreme ascetics arose, characterized by the example of one Diogenes,

who lived in a tub, and Antithenes of Sinope, who made virtue to consist in ignorance, a contempt of learning, of honor, of the possession of property, and who enduring the suffering of the loss of all physical comforts prided himself in ragged garments! Much of the error of this course was manifested by the admonition of Socrates to Antithenes, thus — "*I see your pride through the holes in your cloak.*"

Thus is presented to our view the oscillating, repeating, re-repeating and overlapping experiences of soul travel, and the struggles the human family has waded through — the trials the soul has had, to become recognized as man's true and omniscient guide and tutor; and she is still a child, in the school of her Divine Parent and Tutor.

"A review of Grecian History presents: First, a legendary, prehistoric age; second, an age of credulity; third, a succession of ages of speculative inquiry — faith, reason, etc.; and fourth, an age of decrepitude." "The legendary age was closed by geographical discovery; the age of credulity by the criticism of sophists; the age of faith by the doubts of the skeptics; that of reason by gradual decrepitude, introduced by the licentiousness of the Roman Conquerors."

These phases of national experience manifest in a considerable degree the experience of myriads of individual souls in life's journey. It is said "there are four grand topics in Greek philosophy. First, the existence and attributes of God; second, the origin and destiny of the world; third, the nature of the human soul; and fourth, the possibility of the criterion of truth." "The results the Greeks arrived at were, first, of God. He is, and is All-powerful, All-perfect, eternal, and is necessarily *One God*! It is conceivable that God can exist without the world" (this denies pantheism) "but inconceivable that the world can exist without God." Notwithstanding this conclusion, they eventually drifted into pantheism — that the universe itself is God, and that all animate and inanimate things belong to His essence. Here was again repeated the Indo-European experiences of untold ages before, viz.:



"There is no God independent of nature!" But this conclusion does not meet and satisfy the demands of the human soul, consequently cannot be a fixed idea in the understanding of man; he presses his inquiry further to find an Eternal Parentage, mindful of his necessities and ministering to his needs. Of the origin of the world, the Greek Alexandrian, Roman and Christian ages all agree that the world is an emanation from God. The theology of Vedas also centered in the same conclusion — "the universe is the thought of God, the shadow of God." Of the *soul*, Greek philosophy determined it to be a portion of Deity Himself; it contemplated a past eternity, a future of immortality. It is said the Greek and Indian Hindoo philosophy agreed on this point; but the latter determined *perfect* happiness to consist in entire passiveness and repose, or unconsciousness — "nirvana" — absorption into God! *Not* in the practice of goodness and the rewards of virtue. But the *living, pulsating soul* of man *never could rest* in this conclusion, without every thing in life tending to decay and dissolution; *soul* must have a heaven of continuous manifestations of ever-flowing bliss, catering to an eternal consciousness of being.

For a criterion of truth early philosophers, as really as those of modern date, discovered that it was not safe to rely on the senses of man, for these were often deceptive. A straight stick thrust into water obliquely to a right line from the eye looks crooked; a small substance rapidly rotated assumes, to the sense of sight, a solid circular plane; echo illustrates the possibility of deluding the sense of hearing; taste, touch and smell also practice their delusions upon us in multitudinous and varied forms.

Thus philosophers from age to age have been baffled to find the immovable fulcrum for the lever of abstract truth in facts manifested by experience; thus the fullness of abstract truth is only to be obtained by continuous search and revelation. And the utmost degree of reason possessed by any one individual soul, or any number of souls in any *one* given age of man, has not attained to the absolute measure of the fullness of abstract truth.

Thus the *prospective future* is full and aglow with prospective revelation of truth and hope celestial, while the *present*, to those who regard and rely on the present revelations of truth as steps in the ladder of progress for climbing to higher realms of its mansions, is never cheerless.

The human mind, trained by the experiences of past ages, is expanding; the soul is traveling upward to higher and still higher altitudes of truth by the revelation of God. Truth is a building that hath foundations eternal in the embraces of the Infinite, and that which experience has once demonstrated as truth ever remains the same, and all truths when fully comprehended harmonize as parts of one stupendous whole — one glorious building of God — while the *living* soul of man is reaching out its feelers for still more of truth and its harvests of supernal joys; but these are manifest alone to the *pure in heart* and *true in life*, those who live in obedience to the laws of God to them revealed, and the march of whose souls is in the pathway marked out by the hand of Him who rules the destinies of universes by laws unchangeable, as well as those of worlds, or the individual intelligent inhabitants thereof.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

### FUNERAL DAY.

*A tribute to the memory of President Garfield. M. J. Anderson.*

Ring myriad bells your requiem chimes to-day!  
Ere unto dust our martyred dead we lay,  
Tell all the world before the sun departs  
A nation's love, that flows from saddened hearts.

Through air and sky, send forth the solemn peal,  
A universal mourning to reveal!  
While all the people with united voice,  
Speak praise of him who was their willing choice.

The hum of busy marts is hushed and still,  
A hallowed spirit steals o'er vale and hill.  
Earth yields in rarest gifts her latest bloom,  
To wreathe the bier and lift the gathered gloom.

Our great souled chief! Ah! many tongues  
will tell  
How by the bold assassin's stroke he fell  
With mortal wound, that care and skill  
defied,  
Which sapped the strength of manhood's  
flowing tide.

His wondrous fortitude and will sustain  
Through agonizing weeks of ceaseless pain,  
The frame that feeble grew, till that brave  
soul  
The powers of life no longer could control.

The ocean moaned, the fair sun hid his face,  
A sable shadow veiled his resting place,  
O'er trembling wires the last sad message  
sped  
Around the world; "Our president is dead."

And quick response came like a throb of woe  
From kingly courts and e'en from stations  
low,  
One feeling reigned, one impulse deeply  
thrilled,  
And kindly sorrow every kindred filled.

Bright omen of the blessed bye and bye.  
When love shall form the happy gordian  
tie

That none can break, when o'er the whole  
wide world,  
The star-gemmed flag of peace, shall be  
unfurled.

Did not the silvery belt that gleamed on  
high,  
And spanned from west to east the evening  
sky,  
Portend a meaning deeper than we drew,  
A bond twixt Continents both old and new?

The thronging millions of our own free  
land  
With heads uncovered by their altars stand  
And seal their countless prayers with un-  
feigned praise,  
And bow in trust to "God's mysterious  
ways."

No North, no South, but one true family,  
Blend in one common flow of sympathy,  
Be this a link these sacred hours shall weld  
So firm that hate forever shall be quelled.

Who knows his virtues best 'can on them  
dwell,  
His grandly rounded life shall history tell  
For lofty aims inspired him from his youth  
His guiding motive was unsullied truth.

The press and pulpit, with each other vie  
In eulogies that place our martyr high,  
In all that gives to man a lasting name,  
A niche of grandeur crowning mortal fame

Bear gentle to the tomb the last remains  
Of him whose broad career wears no dark  
stains.

Whose private honors rest in hearts of grief  
Where precious memories bring sweet re-  
lief.

Our prayers, our wishes are not vainly lost  
Through all the trial, sacrifice and cost,  
The rod that chastens blooms with life anew.  
A nation stricken shall be strong and true.

God of our fathers! look on this our land,  
For its salvation now stretch forth thy hand,  
Bless him, who steers the mighty ship of  
State  
With sight to shun the sands and shoals of  
fate.

May congresses of noble souls gone forth.  
Send power and inspiration down to earth,  
That men may feel where sacred duty lies  
And give our country counsels good and  
wise.

Purge fraud and selfishness from human laws  
Help justice plead her rights in every cause,  
And haste the day when full equality  
Shall make all nations from oppression free.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

## A SHAKERESS ON AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

WHERE THEY ARE DEFECTIVE, AND THE  
REMEDY.

*To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle:*

America is a great land, with her millions  
of inhabitants, her boundaries reaching  
from sea to sea, her trade and traffic almost  
beyond the limit of computation, and her  
vast resources inexhaustible. Her heavily  
laden ships of commerce are seen upon many  
waters. Her schools, seminaries and colleges  
are numerous, and are yearly expanding and  
widening their doors to admit more students;  
and as fast as one class finish their course of  
studies, and vacate their seats, others hasten  
to fill them. If lessons of real virtue and  
integrity should be learned and accompany  
all upon their egress from the popular insti-  
tutions of learning, our country would be  
filled with bright, intellectual stars, studding  
the moral universe. As it is, thousands  
upon thousands emerge from the seats of  
learning, and launch out upon the world  
with cultured intellect, and to them and to  
coming generations, the nation looks for

perpetuity and the maintenance of her free institutions.

When we look over her large territories and compute the number of inhabitants of home born and those of foreign birth who have found our shores, and taken shelter under the American Government, and pledged allegiance thereto, the question is often asked with profound and prayerful solicitude: "Shall the republic live, and her free institutions be preserved?" Her government machinery has already been amplified until it is vast in proportions and moves as many wheels within wheels. If anything occurs to clog or hinder the action of one of those wheels, the jar is felt, and causes agitation, if it does not throw the whole machinery into disorder and confusion, and result in revolution.

In the past, as in the present, this momentous burden and weighty responsibility rests upon the shoulders, and is intrusted to heads and hands of male rulers. The voice of woman is not heard in legislative halls—only as a special favor upon certain occasions, and by special request. Why this bondage and servitude on the part of woman? Has she no heart to feel? Is she destitute of reasoning powers, and unable to plead her own cause and the cause of her down trodden and oppressed sisters, who do not find redress from wrongs inflicted upon them at the tribunals, where male rulers alone preside, judge and decide? A change must and will come in this respect. Woman possesses latent powers that need to be brought into action, both for her own benefit and the good of humanity.

Presidents and Government officials take their wives with them to the Capitol of the United States, but when they enter the executive chambers and legislative halls, it is more like gayly plumed show birds, to attract attention, and to listen to a finely framed speech from the lips of some eloquent male orator, than of feeling the weighty responsibility of helping to guard the nation's honor, and of co-operating with her brother man in sustaining and framing just laws. When woman is taken into the national councils and allowed to speak and fact her part, she will think more of develop-

ing her mind than of decorating the outward form.

Virtue is said to be a plant of slow growth. So we may think in regard to the rights of woman. Ever since Eden was despoiled of its beauty and glory by transgression and man's confession of his weakness, "She gave and I did eat," and a voice was heard saying: "He shall rule over thee," man has exercised his power over woman to a marked degree.

On the American Continent as dense forests have been cleared and wildernesses turned into fruitful fields, and the march of civilization has been onward and upward, and religious freedom proclaimed through the Declaration of Independence, the iron chains which still bind and hold the female part of the population in the basest ignorance and servitude in the far East have been melting away as the ice bound streams yield to the rays of the sun in Springtime.

What a notable change has been wrought in this respect within the last two decades. At that time, with the exception of Shakers and Quakers, it was of rare occurrence that woman's voice was heard, even from the freest platform then erected. Now, women lecturers are passing from village to villages and from city to city, and even to foreign lands, giving free expression to their thoughts concerning the problems of human life and its destiny, and are treated with courtesy.

True, popular theologians and ministers of the gospel, according to St. Paul, strictly adhering to his opinion that woman's voice should not be heard in the churches, would not dare to allow a woman to occupy their pulpits, even for a limited space of time while they go to the seaside to recuperate, or to some hill or mountain to inhale the healthful breezes, and ward off malaria, or other physical diseases. How would it answer, seeing such is the case, if the female portion of the population who feel interested in the matter should withhold their contributions from the renowned churches, and create a fund of their own, and build a few small churches wherein they could feel at home and give expression to their own religious views and convictions, if they have

any, irrespective of the opinions or dictation of man? Never mind if the steeple is omitted; perhaps the Lord will be as well pleased without the tall spire as He would be with it.

ANTOINETTE DOOLITTLE,  
Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

### PRENTISSIANA.

*Shaker and Ism.*

VIRGINITY and COMMUNITY are the SHAKER.

Inherited and educational notions are the ISM, in which novitiates are wont to enshrine the Shaker as the chestnut is enshrined in the bur, to keep off squirrels.

This procrustean bedstead Ism, however needful in humanity's unprogressed condition, subsides in proportion to mental expansion.

We live in an age of wonders. By the aid of unseen forces, the world moves as it never moved before.

The day dawns—the Day Star arises—The SHAKER—the GOOD, the TRUE, the BEAUTIFUL—will never be lost to humanity.

Truth loving souls are being prepared to shove the car of human progress, to sublimer elevations.

### Creed.

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his only son, *conceived by the Holy Ghost.*"

The above is the august commencement of the creed drilled into my juvenile cranium in St. Armand, P. Q., in 1807, by an old Scotch pedagogue.

Creed, or no creed, 'tis manifest enough that somebody must do the *conceiving*, as well as the *begetting*.

If we have a *Father* in Heaven, why not a *Mother* in Heaven? But, is *Ghost* the prettiest name for our Holy Eternal Mamma?

We would'nt, for a common-sized world offend, but how would it do to moderize our creed thusly?

We believe in God—Father and Mother—the vitalizing center of all vitality—and in all their Sons and Daughters, who, by in-

domitable self-discipline, squaring their every act, word, feeling and thought by their divinest ideal of the true dignity of man and womanhood, come forth in the likeness of their Holy Eternal Parentage.

We believe in the *communion of saints*—better not have any *sins*—and in the resurrection of the body, clear above all unphysiological—all indelicate appetites and indulgences—Amen.

### Correspondence.

MT. LEBANON, N. Y., Oct. 12, '81

RESPECTED EDITOR:—I have been impressed a number of times of late to write; as often as the feeling would forcibly come, I would think our little MANIFESTO is well filled by able writers that I consider far more capable than I am, yet the feeling is *write*; if you should not approve I shall feel released and perhaps your waste basket will hold it.

While looking, and thinking of the condition of my fellow beings, the feeling it brings seems overwhelming. I see them indulging in all the follies that we that have been blest with the gift of God have been enabled to leave; spending their time trying to live on worse than husks, and seemingly know no better. I think how can we who have received the words of eternal life, have proved their efficacy, have been encompassed with the power of truth, sit supinely idle while so many millions are suffering and wandering in the dark ways of desolation and death? I think, O that I had a trumpet that I could sound to the ends of the earth and encompass it, endowed with power to cause them to see and realize their situation! It seems to me that every one that has a privilege and a home in Zion are called to do something—are responsible; from those that are in possession of five talents to the one that has but one. If we can do no more let us pray that the fire of truth may be conveyed through our little MANIFESTO.

The inward feeling with me about true Christianity, and where Christians were and are correlated I found was the Zion of God on earth where the sun was outwied with

splendor; knowledge came by reading a book that I opened at random; felt an envious sensation that passed over me and left a feeling that I never had before, and have never wished to get rid of. I turned to the title and saw it was written by the Shakers, and I do believe the influence and inspiration therein was conveyed through the letter. I pray that holy spirits may influence and move all that have been blest with the least spark of Gospel life, to write as if their pens were dipped in Gospel fire—the fire of truth—that every word may take effect.

This is my earnest prayer.

JANE M. BRAINARD.

MOUNT LEBANON, Oct. 17, '81.

BRO. ALBERT:—Grace and peace to you, and love from the Father and Mother of Spirits, and may you have strength to go forward and complete the work to which you are called

THE SHAKER MANIFESTO does not abate in interest, but each succeeding number comes to us freighted with good things. Long may it live to deal spiritual bread to the hungry, and living waters of truth to the thirsty, who have no other means of supply.

"I see a light—a light on the distant horizon, its rays illumine the path of the pure and betoken the coming morning. Take heart, take heart, brave volunteers, the shades of night are dispelling; cast away all doubts, lay aside all fears, this light God's truth is revealing." Yea it is even here, and with you, and in other places.

Your brother in love,

A. G. HOLLISTER.

AYER, MASS., Oct. 16, '81.

DEAR BRO. ALBERT:—As to the editor for which you advertise, I vote with Elder J. B. V., and agree with him that such valuable "acquirements" should still continue as in the past to be public property.

The October SHAKER MANIFESTO is *par excellent*.

I need not name contributors, who never fail to interest and instruct; but permit a

word of commendation of Bro. Thomas Smith's article, than which no sounder sentiments have graced the columns of the SHAKER MANIFESTO. And also Elder J. B. V.'s article, I am with him and the writer to whom he refers as relates to worldliness and fashion. The subject might receive much more attention with profit.

A clean separation from the world and its fashions is of more importance than all the theological controversies that ever spoiled white paper or made brethren less brothers.

\* \* \*

DEAR ALBERT:—Persevere in well doing. Please accept my love, and the love of all in our humble home.

ELIJAH MYRICK.

NORTH UNION, O., Oct. 16, 1881.

*Editor Manifesto:*

DEAR BROTHER—This morning comes the October number of our hopeful MANIFESTO of faith and principles; and I might add, consummate philosophy. Are we to fear the setting of this morning's sun, and if so, to rise no more? Is this light, whose celestial rays can pierce the gloom of "nature's darkness" and illumine the path of purity to the region of "Christian Rest;" is it to be put out? We hope not, we pray not, at the same time we doubt not God's will will be done.

Dear readers, do but think of going back to the days when we had no such monthly visitant! When this oft renewed, tangible assurance of general union was not!

Look at the last number; starting out with the hint that we may be professing too much, practicing too little of the Christ life; and proceeding to a complete portrayal of "True Christian Rest." It might at first thought be considered a sufficient guide of christian travel; but it is not. This is an insidious thought. In *activity* only is there life; *stirity* is death. Having attained to this glorious rest, or at least to such degree of spiritual sight as to realize the correctness of the author's views upon true rest, shall we sit down and fold our hands, as regards laboring for other souls? content to regard "the Summer over, and the harvest ended," since we are saved? On the contrary let us



work harder, retrench more, and contribute liberally to the support of our MANIFESTO OF LIGHT, in money and sympathy; and so very sparingly of criticism; that not only our truth-spangled banner, but its poor over-worked Editor may "still wave," is the prayer of many needy readers.

P. S. The inclosed money is \$1 for postage, and \$5 as a present for yourself, from our beloved trustee, Eldress Lydia Cramer, in behalf of the sisters. With much love from all,

Truly yours,

WATSON ANDREWS.

### Editorial.

#### THE DESIRABLE SALVATION.

In our day, when heretical opinions are too numerous and too widely circulated to be compassed and commented upon by the pen—heresies concerning the truthfulness or untruthfulness of early religious instructions—we can well afford to drop all the dissensions of theological controversies, and ask, where, and in what is the most desirable salvation? In the word "salvation," we have the thought expressed, of *the act of being saved*. The religious convert epitomizes all his or her efforts by saying: "We want salvation." The simple question here presents itself—what do we want to be saved from? Is it from the participation in the pleasures of known sinfulness? or do we mean by the expression, that with all our participation in worldliness and sinfulness, we desire to be preserved from the penalties of such participations? Too frequently our real sorrow for sin comes not until we have surfeited ourselves by engagements therein. Too frequently, we might truthfully

express our desires for salvation, as hopes to escape the just rewards of our doings—the consequences of known evil practices. As truly as effects follow causes, so truly must we suffer or enjoy the results of our conduct. There may be Saviours unto us, who can and will shield from us, by an overwhelming sympathy, the full strokes following violated laws; but at some future time we must bear the full results for ourselves. We all love the name of Saviour. We were all early taught to associate this qualifying term with Jesus the Christ. We religiously look with hopefulness for a power radiating from Him, to baptize us with the essences of salvation. Common sense, in religious matters, is fast taking precedence of untruthful theologies, and is opening the eyes of millions to see wherein Jesus Christ really was, and really is our Saviour.

It is teaching us, that inasmuch as He was saved from the commission of sin in that degree only was He saved from its consequences. Common sense is teaching its disciples to know that so long as we will to sin, no power on earth, Jesus, nor the God of Heaven, can save us from the rewards of sin. The question again comes up: How much salvation do we want? In all the ages past, there have arisen reformers—godly men and women—teaching salvations in excess of the past. Moses was a mighty saviour to his people; and inasmuch as the people regard Mosaic instructions they are mightily saved. But Moses living, nor Moses ascended can save the violators of the laws given through him from the stripes which must in-

evitably ensue. Neither can the lovely Jesus Christ spirit prevent us from the consequences of unchristian lives. If we want only the salvation obtained by the strict observance of Mosaic discipline, we can have it only by such observances. But if we are desirous of the superior salvations from the practices of unchristian lives, we can only have these by studying the rules of life particularly practiced by Jesus, living by these rules ourselves and thus only be saved from the punishment of unchristian sins, by a failure to engage in them. ☆

#### EXCELSIOR.

The special teachings of the Shaker church and its handmaiden THE MANIFESTO are very simple, very easily learned and understood, yet are comprehended, as yet, by but few individuals.

These special teachings have a constant reference to a higher life than simply characterizes the moral civilian. While admitting all the good that preceded Jesus—while viewing the grand strides of progress made by humanity in civil and moral life centuries before the Christian era began—yet the Shaker church comprehends a grander step higher, heavenward, for humanity to take, in that, forsaking all the pleasures of the lower, animal plane—all pleasures forsook by Jesus—and an ascension to angelic spheres by unworldly, angelic, engagements. However good *marriage and private property, war and all worldly ambitions may have been and are*, yet we teach of a life still higher and better, more angelic, than is ever

found where these are practiced. And that such life example was and is witnessed in the founder of the Christian religion, who renounced those worldly peculiarities, however good, to go up higher into the realms of eternal virginity; universal love; peace and non-resistance; and absolving himself from all worldly ambitions, *lived a life* which all the truly Christian acknowledge as worthy of the invitation "*Follow Me,*" and which, compared with any previously or subsequently different life, to be Excelsior, the highest and best. ☆

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

##### OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

Should we print one-half of the letters, referring with deepest regret to the subject of suspending THE MANIFESTO, we should have room for nothing else. While we acknowledge with deep gratitude the appreciation of our own people as expressed to us, yet we wish we could better acknowledge our high admiration for so many kind and hopeful expressions that THE MANIFESTO continue on its course, from so many individuals in every part of our country, and some from foreign lands. We were quite unprepared for, and truly affected by, so many messages of love and good will.

##### DR. THOMAS' CASE.

As we feared, the Methodist church has done the very foolish thing of condemning Dr. Thomas for daring to express a better religion than John Wesley knew of one hundred and more years ago; and for being true to

his conscientious convictions of God's goodness and mercy, though differing from the steel-clad errors of a creed-bound church. We agree with *The Christian Union*, that the only effect of his expulsion "will be to add one more to the increasing number of useful and influential independent ministers, and to give notice to young men who have aspirations toward the ministerial profession that they enter it at the risk of purchasing peace by the abnegation of their manhood, or liberty at the hazard of a perpetual and bitter battle with their own brethren in Christ. Every such exclusion of one earnest but independent thinker from the order of the ministry shuts out a score of others whom the pulpit of to-day can ill afford to lose."

### The Children's Grotto.

#### NOTHING TO DO.

"What are you going to do this afternoon, John?" inquired Mr. L——, the merchant, of a boy that was seated upon the steps of his store.

"Oh, nothing!" was the indolent reply, and John Simmons looked as unconcerned as though there was no need of his ever doing any thing.

Mr. L—— said nothing until another boy came along, walking very fast and whistling a merry tune.

"Halloa, Harry, what are doing to-day?" he inquired.

"I am going to the North Woods," the boy replied, scarcely stopping to answer Mr. L——.

"But wait a moment. I want to talk with you," Mr. L—— said again.

"I have not time now. Can you not wait until I come back?" Harry answered, half-impatiently. "You see," he said, as he suddenly remembered that he was not treating Mr. L—— with the respect that was due him, "father gave me this afternoon for a half-holiday, and I am going into the woods to have a regular good time

with Dick and Will Benson. I'll call to-night if you please Mr. L——."

"All right, Harry; I want to hire you to help me in the store when you are not in school," and Mr. L—— turned back into the store again.

So Harry hurried away as happy he could be, and John Simmons remained about the village spending the bright Summer afternoon — wherever his fancy led him.

The difference between these two boys was, that Harry was a bright, active boy, always busy about something, and cheerful and happy; while John Simmons was idle and spiritless, and so, of course, he had "nothing to do." He could not well be any thing else but a "loafer" when shut up in a filthy bar-room, with the fumes of liquor and tobacco all about him.

Two years have passed away since the above occurrence, and to-day Harry is a clerk in Mr. L——'s store, wearing the same cheerful face and happy smile; John Simmons is an idle vagabond, with degradation written all over his young face.

Beware of the boy that has "nothing to do," for it is very probable that the devil will have something for him to do, if he is in this bad predicament. It is better to sometimes have too much to do than "nothing to do." It is better to be thoroughly tired of real hard work than to be weary of doing nothing.

The devil always chooses his workers from the "do-nothing" class, for others have no time to even listen to his suggestions. The wide-awake, active boy, even though full of fun and frolic, stands a better chance of keeping clear of the tempter than one who has "nothing to do."

#### PRIZE ESSAYS.

In a certain town, some years ago, there was a large school, which had an excellent master, and stood well as regards learning, but the conduct of the boys was any thing but satisfactory. Lying and stealing were of frequent occurrence, and no punishment had any effect. The master consulted Lord Shaftesbury. On inquiry he found that out of school the boys were much given to tor-

ment animals, and that they were the terror of all the dogs and cats in the neighborhood. "I think I can help you," said his lordship; and then he announced that he intended to give a prize for the best essay on the subject of kindness to animals.

The boys took to the idea; they set to work at once; their minds became interested; they began to feel a regard for their creatures which were the subject of their inquiries, and the result was that not only did one get the prize, but the whole school profited.

### GOOD FOR EVIL.

For the purpose of illustrating the difference between Christianity and "mere benevolence," as he called it, the late Elder Knapp used to relegate that man, tired of keeping his great dog, tied one end of a rope around his neck and the other to a stone, took him out upon a pond in his boat for the purpose of drowning him, and in throwing his dog overboard he lost his balance and fell over also.

The loop around the dog's neck was large and slipped over his head, and he soon came to the surface, where he found his master, unable to swim, struggling wildly, and just ready to perish. The dog, regardless of his master's evil intent, and faithful unto death, seized hold of him, drew him ashore, and saved his life.

### Book Table.

*The North American Review*: A most invaluable monthly. We purposed an extended notice of the October number, but were unable to find space so to do. The November number is at hand, filled with the choicest thoughts of deepest writers upon a great variety of subjects. We would call attention of deep thinkers to this magazine. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

*The Illustrated Household Magazine*: We would call attention to the advertisement of the same on our cover, and recommend all desirous of such a valuable and interesting paper to take advantage of its beautiful and liberal terms. We do not know how the publishers can afford it, but their presents are worth double the subscription price of the paper.

### Agricultural.

**MAKING AND USING MANURE**—No man is a truly successful farmer who allows his land to grow poor while he is cultivating it. He may make money for the time and put it in his pocket; but he does so at the cost of his successors. He takes something from the soil and gives nothing in return. This cannot be continued without beggary of both land and occupant. Writers and speakers tell of the "inexhaustible" fertility of the West. I never hear that word without being annoyed. We might as well say that we can consume a part and still have the whole: not only that, but keep on doing so for an indefinite term of years, and still have the whole remain to us. This mistaken idea of an inexhaustible soil has already cost the West a great sum of money, and will inevitably cost many millions more. Much has already been done to put an end to this ruinous system of forever taking from the soil and putting nothing back. Much remains still to be done.—*Tribune*.

Those who own orchards over twelve years or more of age will find a great advantage in applying a moderate top-dressing of old or fresh manure. It seems to have an almost magical effect upon the fruit.

The trees will be more likely to bear every year; they will give heavier crops, and the fruit will be finer. It will do as well, nearly if not quite, to draw the manure out in the winter, and spread over the ground such manure as accumulates from the animals in the stables and barn-yards.

On the first thaw or rain the earth will absorb all the soluble washed portions. The mistake should be avoided of placing the manure in heaps at the foot of the tree-trunks or in small circles about the trees.

Trees only twelve years old have already covered the whole ground with their network of their roots beneath the surface. Wood ashes are always useful.—*Dirigo Rural*.

THE man whose thoughts, motives, aspirations and feelings are all devoted to himself is the poorest of judges as to the effect of his own action on other men.

## Home Topics.

An attractive and economical tea cake, and one which might appropriately be called "children's delight," is made by taking enough white bread dough to make a small loaf; knead into it a tablespoonful of butter or lard, two tablespoonfuls of English currants; let it rise until it is very light, then bake in a moderately hot oven. If you have any of the tin cans in which tomatoes are put up, use one of them for a baking tin, and bake this cake in it. You will have a pretty round loaf, and the size and appearance of the slices are also pleasing. Graham bread seems actually to taste better if baked in one of these tins.

**TO SOFTEN PUTTY AND REMOVE OLD PAINT.**—Take three pounds of quick stone lime, slack the lime in water, and then add one pound of American pearl-ash. Apply this to both sides of the glass and let it remain for twelve hours, when the putty will be softened, and the glass may be taken out without being broken. To destroy paint apply it to the whole body of the work which is required to be cleaned; use an old brush, as it will spoil a new one; let it remain about twelve or fourteen hours, and then the paint may be easily scraped off.

**A USEFUL PLUMB RULE.**—Get a good piece of board, a little larger than may be desired, and strike a circle on its face at each end, taking care that they are both struck from the same centre. Plane straight on the edge until the sides of the circle are touched on each side. When this is done the piece of board will be of parallel breadth. Then a line drawn through the centre, with a slit for the cord and an opening for the play of the bob, will complete the plumb.

**FOR BURNS.**—When cooking, you often burn your fingers or arms, and there is not time to turn to tie them up. Take a piece of hard soap, and dipping it in water, rub it over the spot. Continue to do this two or three times until the surface is thoroughly covered. It will be found to afford great relief. Or you may dip your burned hand

in the soft-soap bucket and hold it there a few moments, and you will experience the same relief. *Aunt Addie.*

**TO WELD CAST STEEL WITHOUT BORAX.**—Take copperas, 2 oz.; saltpetre, 1 oz.; common salt, 6 oz.; black oxide of manganese, 1 oz.; prussiate of potash, 1 oz. All should be pulverized and mixed with 3 lbs. of nice welding sand. With this preparation welding can be done at a cherry heat.

## THIS ALSO VANITY?

RACHAEL POMEROY.

I spied two drops on a clover stem,  
Pale jewels loosely strung;  
The sun god twinkled over them,  
Twin spheres of flame they hung,  
And all the zeal of ardent day  
Was focused in each globule gray.

An errant breeze the clover shook —  
Each trembled toward its brother;  
Or ever I had time to look  
One slid into the other,  
And lo! a single spark of dew,  
Where side by side had glimmered two.

I watched the traitorous, thirsty sun,  
Sucking the cordial up,  
Till all its essence was undone,  
Till drained its crystal cup,  
And wind and cloud and blazing sky,  
Knew better where it was than I.

So have I seen chance comrades — say —  
Atomies on a random spray,  
Idling the dewy hours away  
Some careless morning;  
A solemn shaft of rosy frame —  
Unfelt its sign, unfear'd its name —  
Quick destiny to each it came —  
Without a warning.

The sun of love, it smote them through;  
The wind of love, it blew; it blew;  
They shyly guessed — they surely knew  
What fate was doing;  
No charm could will their lives apart,  
Could sunder glowing heart from heart,  
Or chain the restless counterpart  
Its mate pursuing.

And yet — what if — tormenting fear!  
Day were so bright and earth so dear,  
Breath were so sweet and skies so clear,  
Only to snare them?  
Grudging Eternity, go by.  
These want to live — they would not die.  
More life — for that they pant, they cry —  
Good Death, oh, spare them!



## A NEW SECT.

THE DUNKERS ESTABLISH THEMSELVES IN ST. LOUIS—SOME OF THE PECULIARITIES OF THE BRETHREN.

A new sect—new to St. Louis—has lately been established in the city, that of the church of the Brethren, or German Baptists, commonly known as Dunkers. Last night they held a meeting at Sturgeon Market Hall, and had prayer and sacred song. The larger portion of the congregation was composed of women, who all wore white lace caps and plain gowns or dresses of dark stuff.

Daniel Vaniman, of Virden, Illinois, presided. He is a tall, well-built, plain spoken man, with heavy black beard—most of the brethren grow beards—full face and well developed forehead. He was assisted by John Metzger, of Cerro Gordo, Illinois, a very old gentleman, on whom infirmity had laid its heavy hand.

Brother Vaniman briefly explained to a *Globe Democrat* reporter the peculiarities of the church. They baptize only those who have come to the use of reason and are capable of sin. Both the administrator and recipient of the rite go down into the water, and the candidate, while kneeling, is immersed three times, as "Of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost" is said. The Brethren also lay hands on those they baptize.

They never go to war, nor to law with one another. Disputes are settled in the church. If a member will not pay his just debts, when able, he is expelled by a majority vote.

They do not join secret, oath-bound societies, and will not lift the hand and swear in court, simply affirming.

"The brethren and sisters adorn themselves in plain and modest apparel, and utterly repudiate the vain and ever changing fashions of the world, comprehending the plaiting of the hair, the wearing of gold and of pearls, and of costly array."

In connection with the Lord's Supper and Communion—which is a literal supper, including soup—they wash one another's feet. One brother rises, girds himself with

a towel, washes and wipes the feet of another, and this latter one does the same by the next, and so on. The sisters perform the same ceremony on the other side of the house.

They practice the salutation of the holy kiss and the elders anoint the sick members with oil.

Each church is under the supervision of an overseer or bishop. Ministers of the first and second order are elected by the church, each member, even the children, having a vote. Last night there were instances of this. Brother Vaniman asked: "Does this suit you, brother Charles? And you, sister Saxy? And you? And you?"

Besides, there are deacons, or overseers of the poor.

The church in St. Louis comprises fourteen members, many of them late soldiers in the Salvation Army. To-day, at 2 P. M., Charles Funk is to be baptized, and, as he is sick, will be carried in a wagon to the water. At 7 P. M., at the hall, the Lord's Supper, Communion, and Feet-washing will take place. The Brethren are eager that every one should come and witness these proceedings.

## THE BRAHMIN.

The Brahmin, says Dr. Scudder, has intellectually no superior. No man can mingle much with them and not have his wits sharpened. They are the learned men of the country. The Sanscrit, "queen of languages," is their native tongue, and its vast literature has been their grand field of mental training. The Brahmin is almost white, wonderfully neat, begins every day in the water-tank, eats no animal food, believing that if he does he shall pass through as many transmigrations after death as there are hairs on the animal of which he eats. Physically, these people are of splendid form, majestic heads, and carry themselves grandly.

He who hates an enemy, gives him more reason for animosity; he who shuns him, creates the suspicion that he hates him; he who forgives him, always triumphs over him; he who loves him, makes him a means of good.

## LINES UPON A CAGED LARK.

A cruel deed  
It is, sweet bird, to cage thee up  
Prisoner for life, with just a cup  
And a box of seed,  
And sod to move on barely one foot square,  
Hung o'er dark street, midst foul and murky  
air.

From freedom brought,  
And robbed of every chance of wing,  
Thou couldst have had no heart to sing,  
One would have thought.  
But though thy song is sung, men little know  
The yearning source from which those sweet  
notes flow.

Poor little bird !  
As often as I think of thee,  
And how thou longest to be free,  
My heart is stirred,  
And, were my strength but equal to my rage,  
Methinks thy cager would be in his cage.

The selfish man !  
To take thee from thy broader sphere,  
Where thousands heard thy music clear  
On Nature's plan ;  
And where the listening landscape far and  
wide  
Had joy, and thou thy liberty beside.

A singing slave  
Made now ; with no return but food ;  
No mate to love, nor little brood  
To feed and save ;  
No cool and leafy haunts ; the cruel wires  
Chafe thy young life and check thy just  
desires.

Brave little bird !  
Still striving with thy sweetest song  
To melt the hearts that do the wrong,  
I give my word  
To stand with those who for their freedom  
fight,  
Who claim for thee that freedom as thy  
right.

*Chambers' Journal.*

## WHEEL-BARROW RELIGION.

Richard Baxter said a good thing when he said of some one who lived in his day, that they had a "wheel-barrow religion." They went when they were shoved.

It would be hard to find a better name for the religion of many who live now. Many people are like wheel-barrow, and no Paddy up and down a steep incline has harder and more weary work than those

whose duty it is to push them. As often as not they are quite empty. They take what is put into them, whether it is good or worthless. Whatever knowledge-feeling of duty they have, is proof of some one else's work. They are easily upset or emptied, and they have no power or will to get up again. They move as long as a firm hand grasps them and keeps them going. As soon as they are left to themselves they stop, and are helpless and useless unless they are lifted. When they move, it is up and down, backward and forward, never getting any further, or showing any life of their own.

## HINTS TO THE PHILANTHROPIC.

A lady in Roxbury, having little money but much time, told beggars who came to her door that they must need more than she could give, but if they would leave their names and addresses she would go to see them and make some arrangements for their relief. She did not succeed in getting a single address, and finally no more beggars came, though her neighbors were still called upon.

At a house where tramps often came for breakfast or supper, it was decided that each should be required to do some work — pulling up grass in the sidewalk, cutting grass, sawing wood, or doing any of the minor things that always need to be done about a small place. At once a change was perceptible, few tramps came, and of those who called there was seldom one unwilling to work for a meal. The unworthy knew the house and avoided it.

In both of these cases the beggars had not the false and frequent excuse that the societies to whom they were sent would not or could not aid them ; and both prove what the societies have always claimed — that no beggar should be helped at the door even to food which he eats then and there. Gifts in that way help to create the class of persons who live upon the community.

Mrs. Mumford of Philadelphia, in an excellent article on "Cold Pieces" (a form of charity which argues much against our domestic economy), tells of a tramp who said :

"Why should I work? The women folks on my route take good care of me. Some gives me my victuals, some gives me my clothes; the city furnishes free lodgings in winter and the country in summer; and why should I run my constitution down with hard labor and get no thanks?"

A child's plea for help touches most of us at once, and the clothes or the money are freely given; but ought we not to consider that the child learns faster than her elders, and that she is storing up for her maturity a lesson of dependence on strangers?

### BEST THOUGHTS OF BEST AUTHORS.

Among all the other virtues, humility, the loveliest, is pre-eminent. It is the safest because it is always at anchor; and that man may truly be said to live the most content in his calling who strives to live within compass of it. — *Richter*.

While a man is stringing a harp, he tries the strings, not for music but for construction. When it is finished it shall be played for melodies. God is fashioning the human heart for future joy. He only sounds a string here and there to see how far his work has progress. — *Becher*,

The sublime is the temple-step of religion as the stars are of immeasurable space. When what is mighty appears in nature, — a storm, thunder, the starry firmament, death, — then utter the word "God" before the child. A great misfortune, a great blessing, a great crime, a noble action, are building-sites for a child's church. — *Richter*.

Though thou see'st another openly offend, or even commit some enormous sin, yet thou must not from thence take occasion to value thyself for thy superior goodness; for thou canst not tell how long thou wilt be able to persevere in the narrow path of virtue. All men are frail, but thou shouldst reckon none so frail as thyself. — *Thomas a Kempis*.

RUNNING water is sweet. It is your tight tank that gets slimy, and putrid, and unwholesome. He who opens his eyes to see the wants and woes of other people, and goes to work to relieve them, will somehow

insensibly forget to make a fuss about his own trifles. — *Congregationalist*.

### AUTUMN.

Gently the autumn leaves are falling,  
And seem to retiring summer calling,  
Your time of blooming now is done;  
You've acted nobly and pleased every one;  
Even the little birds think it time  
To fly to some more pleasant clime;  
The flowers droop and hang their head,  
And silently retire to their earthly bed;  
And in quietness they dormant lay  
Till warm April showers seem to say,  
Awake! robe yourself as soon as you can,  
And melt the frozen heart of man.  
As the birds homeward flying go  
It reminds us that we'll soon have snow;  
Then only the snow birds fly around  
In search of food on the frozen ground.

Autumn winds with their rude caresses,  
Disrobe summer of its verdant tresses:  
As its time in life is passing away,  
And soon it will leave it bare and gray.  
Autumn seems to carelessly forget its vows,  
As it rustles the leaves from the boughs,  
Yet how thoughtful, for the winter's storm,  
Will not break its limbs, and be kept warm,  
Its feet, by the leaves profusely strewed,  
With their bright variegated colors hued.  
Soon we will have a destroying frost,  
Yet in nature's economy nothing is lost;  
Nature, as well as man, needs some rest;  
In spring it will burst forth with vigor blest.  
The flowers will return, the birds all sing,  
And smiles of happiness to man it will bring.  
While the leaves are falling, remember, all,  
The future is prepared by the pleasant fall.  
— *Reflector*.

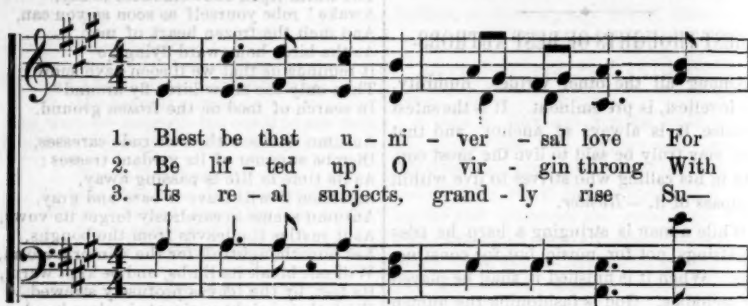
The pleasant inhabitants of Saxony are perhaps the richest in the world. Want is scarcely known among them. Once a year a fair is held by the farmers, at which the horses are exhibited and a race called the flag race is held. The animals used are only plow horses, and not trained for any such sport, and all sorts of comic scenes occur. — Small trees grow at intervals on the race course, and the riders attempt to fell them as they pass. Whoever succeeds first in this endeavor is the winner of the race, is presented with a flag, and becomes the village hero on the spot.

Man passeth away, but principles endure forever

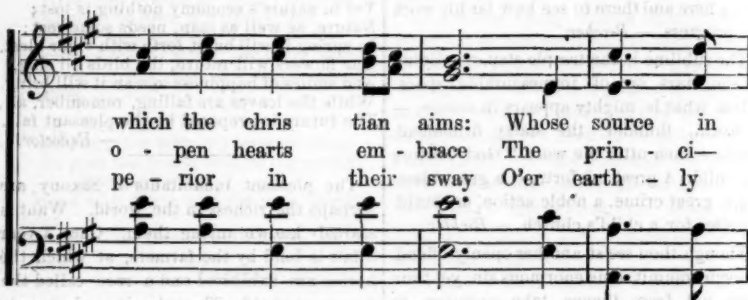
## UNIVERSAL LOVE.

A. C. STICKNEY.

CANTERBURY, N. H.



1. Blest be that u - ni - ver - sal love For  
 2. Be lif - ted up O vir - gin thron'g With  
 3. Its re - al subjects, grand - ly rise Su—



which the chris tian aims: Whose source in  
 o - pen hearts em - brace The prin - ci—  
 pe - rior in their sway O'er earth - ly



God is found a - bove All nar. row  
 ple which pu - ri - fies And el - e—  
 loves and tend - en - cies, In ac - tion,

hu - man claims. As towers the  
vates the race. The love which  
word and way. Then let us

lof - ty moun - tain top A - bove the dis - tant  
seeks the good of all, In ev' - ry land and  
join this no - ble band And seek the joy, the

sea, So stands the mer - its of this  
clime, Which vi - tal - iz - es, cheers, for  
hope; The free - dom which this love will

love, In its di - vin - i - ty.  
gives, And ren - ders life sub - lime.  
bring, Found al - ways "High - er up."



## TIME.

In the great square of a city, dreamily, a figure stands.

With the water dimly flowing through its eyes and lips and hands,

And the throngs that pass and ponder, that weird masterpiece sublime

Little think it is the picture of the solemn lapse of Time;

Of the thoughtless lapse of Time,  
With its melancholy music and its sad, heart-broken rhyme.

Oozing, trickling, bubbling, gleaming,  
Laughing, weeping, sobbing, streaming,  
Wailing, murmuring, sighing, dreaming,  
Flowing, flowing on.

So, stand we that fountained statue, God's great masterpiece of art,

And the lapse of time is flowing on thro' each oblivious heart;

Seconds, minutes, meeting, fleeing into days, and months and years,

Swell the rapids of the ages till at last Time disappears.

With its flood of hopes and fears,  
Through life's dimly-lighted valley, thro' the valley of our tears.

Tinkling, splashing, rippling, sleeping,  
Bounding, sparkling, dancing, leaping,  
Foaming, billowing, tumbling, sweeping,  
Gliding, gliding on.

— A Princetonian.

## DOING SOMETHING FOR POSTERITY.

The movement to encourage the growth of trees continues. In New England many old farms are being replanted or are growing up into forests. In many of the picturesque old villages improvement associations are at work beautifying the local habitations with shrubs and what will yet become noble trees. There is an astonishing amount of tree planting all over the extreme west. Indeed, in the prairie countries groves and bits of wood have become a necessity to protect the farm-house and barns from the fierce winds which occasionally visit plains not intersected by mountain ranges. There is still much needless waste of wood, and forest fires are altogether too frequent. Indeed, the day must come when the Federal government will be empowered to protect our forests, as well as to give authority to replant certain sections, so as to secure a supply of water for rivers which

would dry up if the feeders at their headwaters were removed. But until Congress is empowered to act, by a change in the organic law, the disposition to plant trees by individuals and corporations should be warmly commended. Some of the railroads are helping on the good work by offering prizes for trees planted on either side of their tracks, and some of them have the good sense to spend a little money in tree and shrub planting near the stations. Travelers on the Union Pacific road will recall the tasteful surroundings at the stations where the travelers stop for their meals. It would pay all the railroads to do as much for the traveling public in every part of the country.—*Demorest's Monthly*.

The author of "Home, Sweet Home," J. H. Payne, a poor but genial-hearted man, says the *London City Press*, was walking with a friend in London, and, pointing to one of the most aristocratic houses in Mayfair, he said: "Under those windows I composed the song of 'Home, Sweet Home,' as I wandered about without food or a semblance of shelter I could call my own. Many a night since I wrote those words, that issued out of my heart by absolute want of a home, have I passed and repassed in this locality, and heard a siren voice coming from within those gilded walls, in the depth of a dim, cold London winter, warbling 'Home, Sweet Home,' while I, the author of them, knew no bed to call my own. I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London or some other city, and have heard people singing 'Home, Sweet Home,' without a penny to buy the next meal, or a place to put my head in. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread."

I BELIEVE that virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches as she does in purple and fine linen. I believe that she and every beautiful object in external nature claims some sympathy in the breast of the poorest man who breaks his scanty loaf of daily bread.